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JANUARY 28, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS

Life



Her Burnt Offering

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RIVALS



THE BEAUTY OF THE SCARLET TANAGER



It Whets a Man's Appetite for Writing

And Gives Him the Speed and Character in Penmanship that Lead to a Bigger Pay Check

The Pen with the 25-Year Guaranteed Point and Over-size Ink Capacity

WITH millions of Parker Duofolds putting the world's daily work on a higher standard than ever, a man is most certainly handicapped now if he doesn't carry this super-pen.

Howsoever slight that handicap may seem, please don't forget that even a feather on the side of excellence can tip the scale in many a transaction on the side of success. And this pen often does.

We don't mean that the Parker Duofold will put any man on the golden throne, although it helps him to get there. But the same keen instinct that makes men successful, prompts them to pay \$7 for this sure-fire classic when they could buy slacker pens for half the money.

A smooth-gliding, swift-writing 25-year guaranteed point in a balanced, free-swinging shaft with over-size ink capacity — a combination that whets a man's appetite for writing and turns out the kind of work that commands recognition.

A point no style of writing can distort — hence a pen you can lend without a tremor. And a black-tipped lacquer-red barrel that's a beauty to own and a hard one to mislay.

Good pen counters would not be without it.

Parker
Duofold 
With The **25 Year Point**
Lady Duofold \$5
With ring for chatelaine

Duofold Jr. \$5
Intermediate size

Red and Black
Color
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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

OVER-SIZE

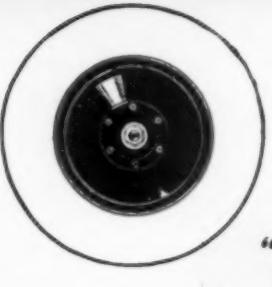
\$7

Over-size
Duofold
\$7



Over-size
Duofold Pencil
\$4

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANE'SVILLE, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · Duofold Pencils to match the Pens: Lady Duofold, \$3; Over-size Jr., \$3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, \$4 · TORONTO · LONDON



At the automobile shows this year
famous cars say . . .

*"Goodbye, buggy wheels..
Here's Budd-Michelin!"*



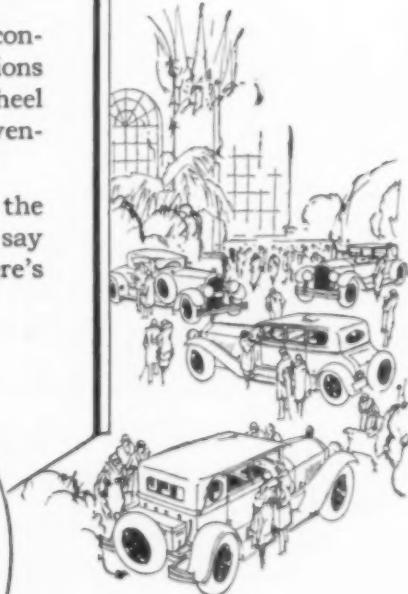
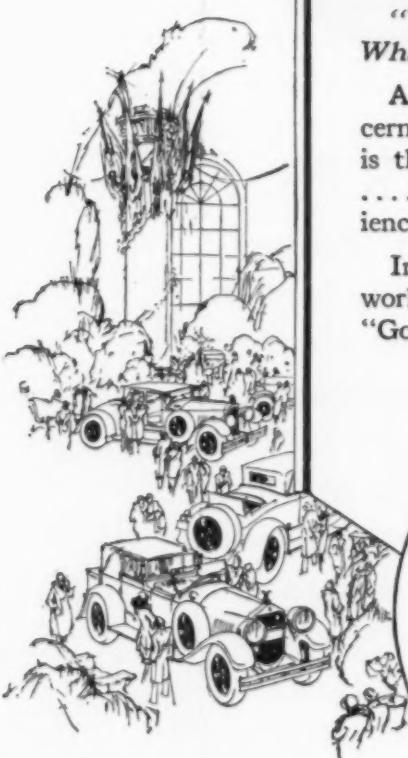
It's Show-time again . . .

Automobile manufacturers and dealers are proudly unveiling the results of a year of progress.

*"What's new? What's improved?
What of the future?"*

As far as automobile *wheels* are concerned, the answer to these questions is the Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheel . . . bringing new beauty, new convenience, new safety to the motor car.

In this year's Shows, a dozen of the world's most famous automobiles say "Goodbye, buggy wheels . . . here's Budd-Michelin!"



BUDD

Detroit . . . WHEEL COMPANY . . . Philadelphia

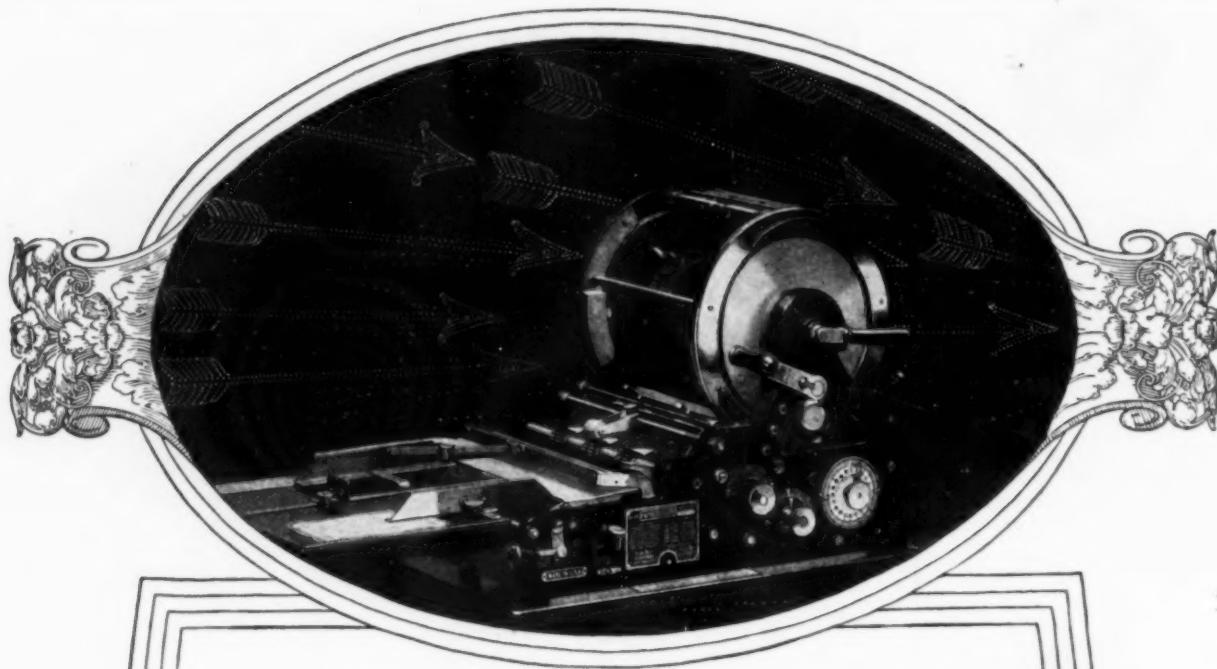
**BUDD-MICHELIN—the All-Steel Wheel—
brings you these outstanding advantages:**

- a scientific convex form, increasing resilience, harmonizing with the lines of your car, and permitting the placing of brakes and king-pins within the wheel, for better braking and easier steering—for greater protection of brakes from mud and water
- a light wheel (lighter than wood), tapering toward the rim, making starting and stopping easier



Cross-section showing convex design

- five wheels to a set. An extra wheel to dress up the rear of your car, easy to substitute in case of tire trouble. No rims to remove. Just a few turns on the nuts at the hub
- a wheel which cools the tire, adding to the tire's life and service by drawing off and radiating friction-heat
- a wheel which can't come off until you want it off
- cleanliness. No spokes to collect dirt. A more enduring finish than wood will take
- everlasting strength, promoting safety. Triumphant beauty!



MILLIONS OF DARTS

If Shakespeare's plays had been printed only once, the world would have lost much of its richest thought. Shakespeare is a world-force today because his best thinking has been duplicated *millions of times*. It would be difficult to estimate the great loss to Business and Education through far-reaching ideas that have died in single communications, but which could have been made to live by dissemination to thousands. American Business and Education use the Mimeograph as the most efficient means of duplicating their best ideas. Thousands of exact reproductions of letters, bulletins, forms, designs, etc., it produces hourly—at high speed and low cost. Send today to A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, for booklet "W-1," showing how it disseminates its speedy darts.

M I M E O G R A P H



JAN 26 '26

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Life

The End

I STILL use an old-fashioned shaving mug (my own). I still, if winter comes, wear heavy underwear, although I usually keep this to myself. I still carry an umbrella on rainy days, instead of wearing a Soaker Slicker. I still wear rubbers when the water in the streets is knee-deep or higher. I still love my wife; I have no idea what her aura looks like, although I am fairly familiar with her general appearance. I still pay my bills, even though all my friends have gone bankrupt and are living lives of luxury. I still think woman's place is in the home—at least often enough so that she won't scream at the sight of her husband pottering about. I still order a chocolate soda when I go into a drug

store, although I'm often so blinded by the flaming posters advertising new dishes that I get the straw stuck in my ear.

I'm poor, you see...and knowing that nothing less than five thousand dollars would bring me within twenty years of up-to-date, I don't read the advertisements. My friends all tell me that, living as I do, I might as well be dead.

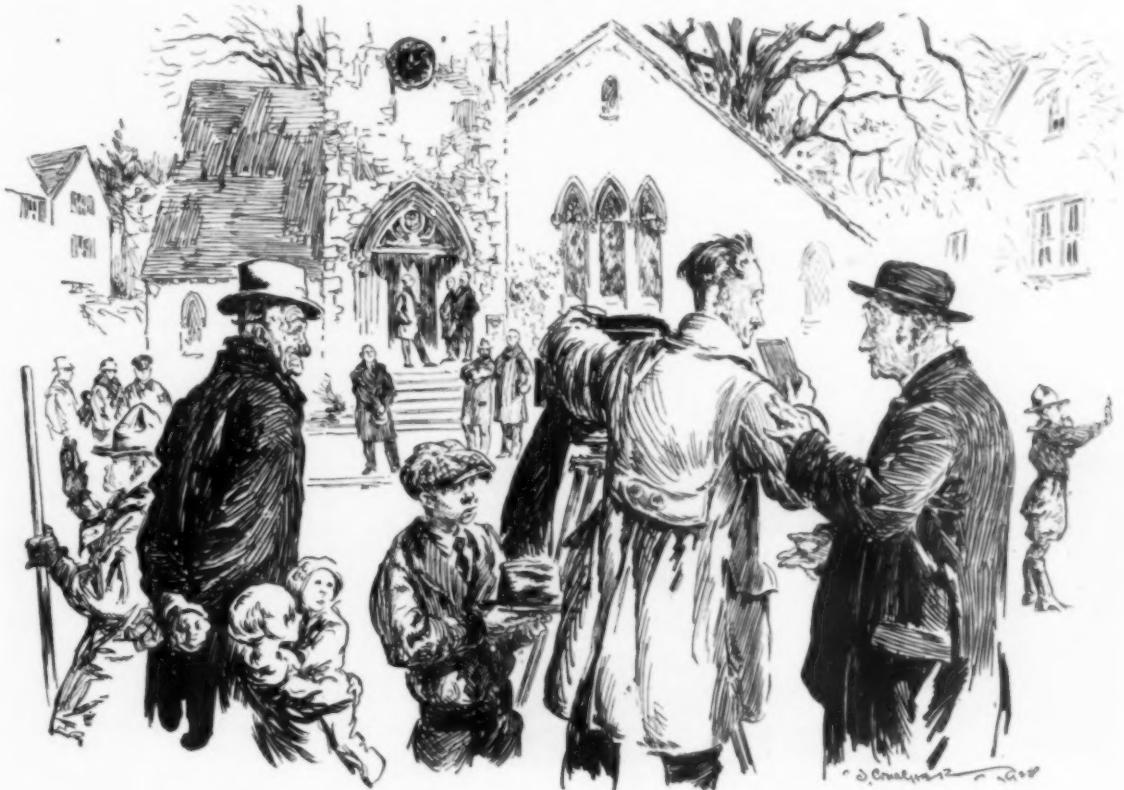
So please pass me that old-fashioned horse-pistol. Heavens, *no!*—I'm merely going to shoot a few moderns.

Wayne G. Haisley.

Hanging Fire

HAS Blythers finally had his novel published?"

"Not yet. Before the war his publishers were afraid it would be suppressed, and now they're afraid it wouldn't be."



WHEN THE CHURCH WAS PHOTOGRAPHED

The Vicar: ONE MINUTE, SIR—BEFORE YOU GO ANY FURTHER. I MUST FIND THE SEXTON. THE CLOCK IN THE TOWER IS TWO AND A HALF MINUTES FAST!

• LIFE •



"THE OTHER HEIRS TRIED TO GIT THE FARM BUT I BEAT 'EM IN COURT EVERY TIME."

"THA'S GOOD! GONNA KEEP ON LIVIN' ON IT!"
"YEP! I'M RENTIN' IT OF THE LAWYERS."

From a Club Chair

MARRIAGE has become a rest period between romances.

* * *

That rare man who is a hero to his valet—I wonder what his press agent thinks about him.

* * *

If Nature is alive to her problems, the next generation of males will have concave hips so that flasks will fit more snugly.

* * *

A successful prophet needs to be ten years behind the times.

Mussolini's plans for a new Imperial Rome are interesting enough, but I wonder whether he has arranged for its Gibbon.

* * *

It's a poor corner that hasn't one gasoline filling station.

James Kevin McGuinness.

Genius

HAROLD (stopping the car): I can't drive any farther for a while. My wrist is asleep.

BETTY: How original!

The Ideal Working Girl

(By Her Would-Be Employer)

SHE is punctual; I know that if the janitor should fail to open the office some morning, she would break the door in so as to greet the first customer.

She dresses neatly and enough; there is that about her which draws a little higher price from a male purchaser, and which is definitely attractive to women shoppers.

She is by no means a dry and inhuman machine, but she knows the price of everything in the store, from vacuum cleaners to my company cigars and liquor.

She is charmingly big-minded; the prettest society bud can order her about shamefully without eliciting a curt rejoinder—she has perspective and poise.

She is delightfully agreeable to the other employees; no one can bring complaints against her, and she wouldn't complain against any one, annoying me with petty squabbles.

In fact, she is positively indispensable, and I have just placed a classified ad for her in two newspapers, offering twenty dollars a week. W. G. H.

Out Our Way

ED FEATHERSTONHAUGH says the next thing we know a man that wants to take a little snifter of licker, on top of havin' to look out for the town constable, the sheriff, the state police and the Federal Prohibition agents, will have to keep an eye open for the deppity marshal of the World Court.

Hen Watkins, our local tonsorialist, wrote sort of a snappy answer to Montgomery-Ward's letter tellin' him to refer to their catalogue and he'd find out that shavin' paper was sixteen cents a pack instead of the fourteen he sent 'em. Hen told 'em if he'd of had their catalogue he wouldn't of needed to send away for shavin' paper.

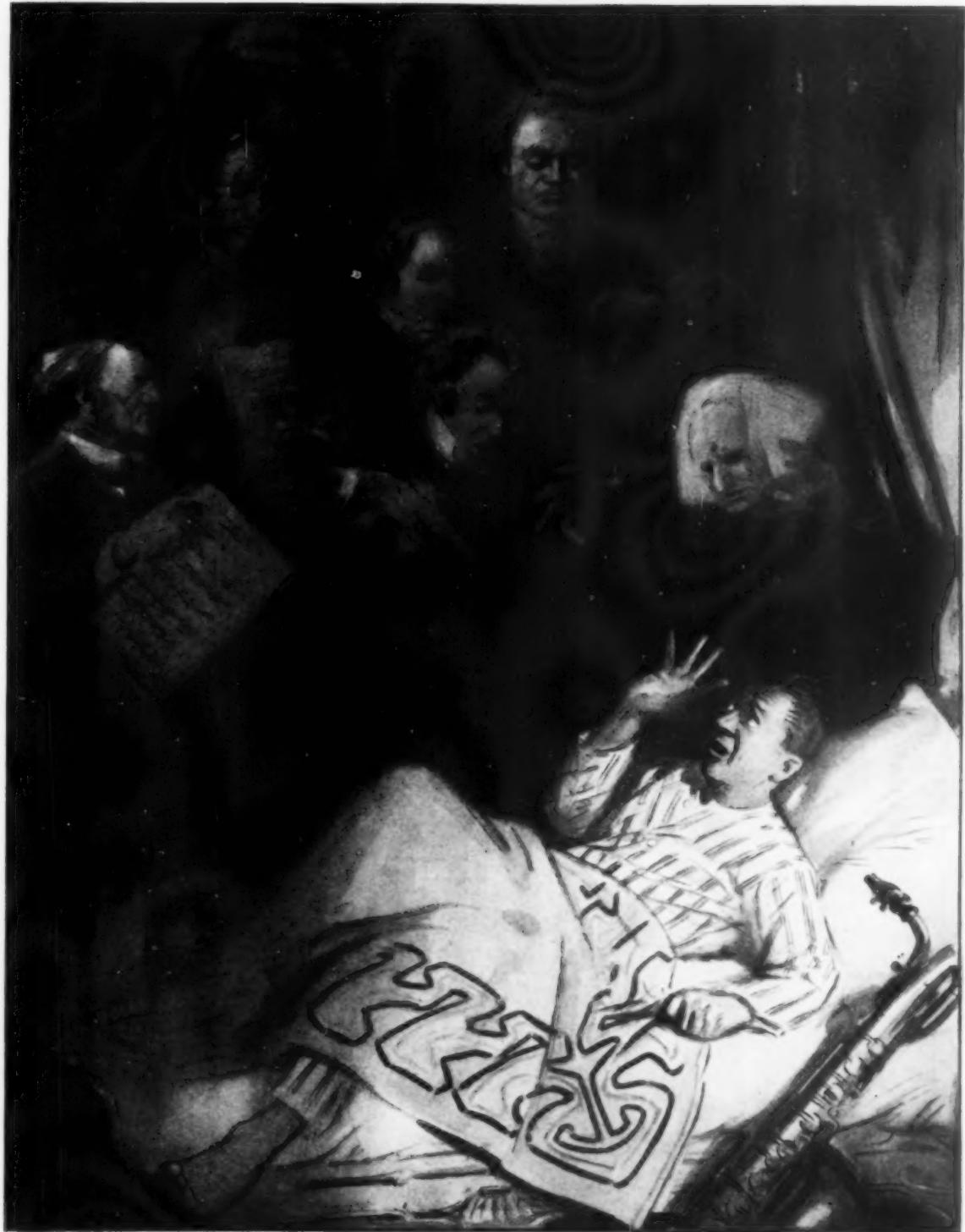
When Sim Slothauer threatened to have Harry Bosse, our local aviator, arrested for flyin' over his farm unless he gave Sim \$10, because Sim claimed to own straight up to heaven and clear down to the middle of the world, Harry told 'im that, seein' as the devil must of been trespassin' a lot longer time, Sim'd have to go to hell first.

Max Melville.



The Winner: I HOPE YOU'RE NOT ANGRY WITH ME, DEAR BOY.

The Loser: NO—NOT ANGRY. JUST TERRIBLY, TERRIBLY HURT.



DREAM OF THE POPULAR SONG WRITER WHO MADE A FORTUNE JAZZING THE GREAT MASTERS

Life



Lines

WHEN last heard from, RED GRANGE was still trying to give the people a run for their money.

President COOLIDGE said in his message that \$15,200,688,253.92 is owed to the United States. Let's show a conciliatory spirit and not be a Shylock among the nations. How about calling it a round \$15,200,688,253 and letting it go at that?

With a nucleus composed of CAROL of Rumania, the former German Crown Prince, a Romanoff or two and any loose Hapsburgs that happen to be lying around, Europe has all the makings of a highly respectable back-to-the-throne movement.

Now Dr. P. A. DE FOREST, of Hinsdale, Ill., gets his name in the papers by paying a \$4.18 tax after a thirty-year delay. If the Internal Revenue Department will drop us a card in 1956 we shall be happy to duplicate.



The Last Laugh in National Laugh Month

"There may be a few elements in the country among which drinking is more prevalent than before, but they are not the people I care about."—Dr. Edwin C. Dinwiddie, of the Anti-Saloon League.



More than one thousand plans for solving the crime situation in New York have been submitted to the Society for the Prevention of Crime. And that reminds us, what ever became of the Bok peace plan?

Unfortunately for statisticians, the only

objects which can actually be laid end to end to substantiate their theories are pedestrians.

The question confronting the motorist when he has a blowout is whether to please HOOVER and drive home on the rim, or help along England, international comity, and the World Court by putting on the spare.

As the storm clouds gather over Washington we note that every one of them seems to have an aluminum lining.

A new cloth, lighter than thistledown, has appeared on the London market, and ever so many flappers are hoping it reaches here in time for the next cold snap.

In honor of the approaching visit of ex-King GEORGE of Greece, we understand the Florida realtors are planning to fire a royal salute of twenty-one booms.



The Leader: AW, COME ON! THAT SIGN'S FOR RABBIT-HUNTERS. WE'RE HUNTING' BEAR, AN' YOU WANNA KEEP A LOOKOUT FER INJUNS, TOO.



THIS PICTURE SHOWS ONE OF THE FUNNIEST SCENES OF THE PLAY WHERE *Melvin* TRIES TO EXPLAIN AN AFRICAN PHOTOGRAPH. HIS RIVAL, *Norman*, IS SEEN AT THE RIGHT, NOT BELIEVING WHAT *Melvin* IS SAYING.

The Senior Class Play

Reviewed for the Wheat H. S. "Maroon and Lavender" by Robert Benchley, '27

THE members of the Senior Class of Wheat High School last Friday night put on "An Interesting Experience," a farce in three acts, and the affair was voted a great success by all who saw it. The story concerned the mix-up resulting from a young man making believe that he was a lion-hunter when really he was only laid up with a headache and roars of laughter greeted his attempts to convince his friends (in the play) that he had been in Africa. Arthur Holker, '26, was *Melvin Vandergrift*, the young man, and acted very comically in his embarrassing experience. His face when he was trying to explain about his African lion-hunting was a sight, and he was greeted with roars of laughter from the audience.

It seems that before he had been supposed to have gone to Africa, he had promised to marry a girl of his acquaintance who was also in love with a boy of his acquaintance. Esther McLelly, '26, was the girl and took her part very well. George Ponster, '26, was the rival and was also very good in his part, especially in the part where he was supposed to not believe *Melvin's* story. Lillian O'Day, '26, and

Martha Hoston, '26, were the two girl-friends of the girl and were excellent. Some very funny complications arose from the fact that *Helen* (one of the girls) was very "sweet" on *Norman* (*Melvin's* rival for the hand of *Marian*) and had told her mother that she was spending the night at *Winifred's* house (the other girl-friend of *Marian's*) when, as a matter of fact, she was spending the night at *Marian's* in an attempt to convince her that *Melvin* was going around with *Winifred* (the girl at whose house she was supposed to be staying). There was also a lawyer, a friend of *Melvin's*, and his friend, another lawyer (Henry Kalb and Roger Wess, both '26). *Henriette*, the maid, and *Jenks*, the butler, were Mary Ashe and Herman Danby, both '27, and were very good. *Jenks* kept saying, "Yes, sir, thank you, sir," so often that he was greeted with roars of laughter every time he said it.

After the performance there was dancing in the Gym and refreshments were served by the girls of the Junior Class attired as Swiss waitresses. All agreed that the Senior Class should give another play in the near future if it was going to be as funny as this.

"AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE"

A Farce in 3 Acts

Presented by the Senior Class of the
WHEAT HIGH SCHOOL

THE CAST

Melvin Vandergrift, a young man who is not always truthful.....Arthur Holker, '26
Thurston Norton, his friend.....Henry Kalb, '26
Marian Braithwaite, *Melvin's* fiancée and not easily fooled.....Esther McLelly, '26
Helen Worthington, her friend and quite a "character".....Lillian O'Day, '26
Winifred Hollister, another friend and a good one.....Martha Hoston, '26
Norman Ransome, a rival for the hand of *Marian*.....George Ponster, '26
Henry Rawlins, friend of *Melvin's* and brother of *Winifred*.....Roger Wess, '26
Henriette, the maid.....Mary Ashe, '27
Jenks, the butler.....Herman Danby, '27

• LIFE •



Mr. Gator: ANOTHER NORTHERNER JUST ARRIVED TO LOOK OVER HIS REAL ESTATE.
Mrs. G.: YES, THEY'RE AN UNAPPRECIATIVE BUNCH. FANCY BEING DISSATISFIED WITH THIS BEAUTIFUL LOCATION!

‘It’s So Broadening’

ISN’T that a coincidence? You went over on the *Majestic* and we came back on the *Majestic*. Well, well. Fine boat. Yes, indeed. Some bar, I’ll say! Did you really? We met a lot of interesting people too. No, dear, we didn’t go there but Fred found the most adorable American bar right in our hotel. Well, it rained most of the time and I stayed in the hotel a lot. But we found a wonderful restaurant just a block away where you can get ham and eggs, real Southern style. You’d think you were home. Is that so? We had most of our meals there too. Yes, foreign cooking doesn’t agree with Herbert. Oh, Rome, of course. Yes, Fred found a peach of a barber shop right in the hotel. His barber used to work in the Sherman House in Chicago. Aren’t the trains simply awful? Just imagine locking you in with a lot of greasy foreigners. Herbert complained to the conductor. No, we didn’t see it. I had such a terrible headache that we just lounged around the hotel most of the time. Where was it, Freddy? Berlin? No, that was where we saw such a good movie. It must have been Budapest. Anyhow we met them in the lobby of the hotel. S-m-u-g-g-i-n-s, Smuggins, I guess they spell it that way. Oh, lovely people. He’s one of the biggest doorknob manufacturers in Toledo, Ohio. Freddy and he got so well acquainted. We went to a place where

they had a real Nigger jazz band. The best dance music you ever heard. Oh, yes, but Herbert found a real American cigar-stand right in our hotel in London. I bought just loads of things. I think it was in Vienna. I found a department store that reminded me of Macy’s. Of course not. Those foreigners are twenty years behind us even if you do see a lot of Fords and radios. Herbert says they’re all crooks. Look at the money they owe us. Of course, they are dear. Florence? Oh, that’s the place with the smelly railroad station. No, we didn’t stop. We went right on through. So were we, dear. Both of us could hardly wait to get back to the good old U. S. A. where you can get some real conveniences. But we’re going to make the trip again next year. Of course. Yes. A trip to Europe is so broadening, isn’t it?” *Robert Lord.*

The Pinnacle

SNAP: What is the height of bravery?

SNAPPER: Driving through California with a Florida pennant on your car!

PEOPLE who live in glass houses had better lay off the Charleston.



THE COMIC STRIP SHAKESPEARE

BOOB MACBETH



Father's Birthday



"THIS IS THE FOURTH TIME YOU'VE BEEN HERE FOR STEALING CHICKENS, RASTUS. WHAT'S YOUR EXPLANATION?"

"WELL, SUH, JEDGE, MY ONLIEST EXPLIATION IS DAT ME OR DE NIGHT WUZN'T DARK ENOUGH."

Dolce far Niente

HAPPY days ahead, boys and girls! No more winter—everybody's going to Florida.

Easy to make a living there—just swap real estate and get rich.

Always sunshine—no more rainy, gloomy days.

No more hard work—no more coal to shovel, no more ashes to carry out.

Take your radio along—no need even to go out for entertainment.

Radio movies coming soon—you can see as well as hear everything right from your own easy chair.

No need to read the papers—get the picture papers.

Not much use to try to think very hard—almost everything has been thought of already.

No need to tire your jaws chewing meat—get hamburger, deviled ham or beef cubes.

Apples are hard—eat bananas.

Lobsters have shells—order soft-shelled crabs.

Bread has a crust—order milk toast or gruel.

Really no more need to exert yourself overmuch.

No more work—no more getting out of work.

No more play—it's too strenuous.

No more anything.

F. F. Harbour.



Papa: WELL, YOUNG MAN, HAVE YOU HAD YOUR CRY OUT?
"SOME OF IT'S OUT BUT THERE'S A LOT MORE INSIDE."

Bedtime Story

The Sculptor Who Got What He Wanted

ONCE there was a sculptor who thirsted for public recognition.

"It isn't enough," he said, "that the critics and highbrows approve my stuff and sing my praises. I want the people, the great mass of common people, to know about me and be interested in me. Fame isn't fame while it's confined to the homage of a few. I won't be satisfied until my name and a story about me appear on the front page of every newspaper in town."

So he labored heroically and produced many masterpieces, and those who loved art bowed down and worshiped his name. But save for an occasional mention in some obscure corner of an inside page, the newspapers came off their presses and went their raucous ways into the homes of the common people as free of notice of our sculptor as if he had never been born.

And he became angry. "We'll see!" he shouted, and toiled more ardently than before.

At last he produced a great and splendid group. "Now let's see the newspapers ignore me!" he cried.

And they did ignore him; not a front page carried his name.

Then he despaired. "The Devil take public recognition!" he cried, and went out and got terribly drunk. And the next morning every newspaper in town carried the head:

"NOTED SCULPTOR ON JAG-FEST BATTERS COP!"

Bertram Bloch.

The Humorist Has a Nightmare

IT seems there were two Irishmen, and Abie said to Jake:

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"So's your old man," was the Scotchman's quick response.

"Oh, it must have been two other fellows!" answered the crestfallen Prohibition officer.

CIVILIZATION outdistanced the comic valentine only to be overtaken by the tabloid newspaper.



STRICTLY FRESH FURS

Cars That Pass in the Night

WHEN of a mind to take a strange street car in a strange city some fine evening, I lie in wait for one on a corner. In the vicinity are four corners, two of which a sort of native cunning enables me to eliminate at the outset. I then choose the near side or the far side. When the trolley clangs disdainfully by, I take position on the other corner. Very simple.

When the next car speeds past, its motorman gesturing defiance, I am for the moment nonplussed. I stroll toward the middle of the block where is emblazoned on a lamp-post a curious legend: "Cars Stop Here"—and below, rather faint, "When Signaled." That's the catch to it. But I am too quick for them this time. I start signaling when the next headlight is visible to the naked eye. I hold up a hand as if prepared to recite, make the imperious gesture of the traffic cop, spell the semaphore alphabet and give the high sign of five fraternal orders. Sure enough, the car stops.

I step to its rear, but no conductor unfolds steps or unfurls doors, though I flourish fare appealingly. In vain I knock thrice and command, "Open sesame!" The entrance is front! I dash for it. Meanwhile the motorman-conductor has been glaring back at me, more impatient to mount and

ride than Paul Revere. Apparently he is behind schedule now for every Middlesex village and farm along the line. So he slams the door in my face, sighs hopelessly over me through the medium of released air brakes and is off.

My attempt to get on the front of the following car is foiled by its motorman, who jerks a dirty thumb backward. By the time I reach the rear, the conductor has barred, locked and bolted the door. I can tell by his scornful look I need never darken it again.

Desperate, I resolve that I will fire a shot across the bow of the next trolley, causing it to heave to. Cutlass in my teeth, I will swarm over its side and board the blamed thing. I will give no quarter—not even if the fare is thirteen cents or two tokens for twenty-five.

As I am about to pursue these bold tactics, side doors in the next car slide open and I step in.

"Does this car go to Geranium Street?" I ask the conductor nicely.

Mortally offended, he thrusts me out at a corner where four double tracks cross.

"Take car goin' east!" he hurls after me.

Being late and lonely in a strange city, whose compass I never met formally, I sit down on the curb and wait for rosy-fingered dawn.

Fairfax Downey.

Initiative

MARY: I didn't know Ted had any idea of marrying you.

ANN: He hadn't—it was entirely my own idea.



"I DON'T LIKE THESE TICKETS FOR THE TINY DRAMA CLUB PERFORMANCE. CAN'T YOU GIVE ME SOME GOOD SEATS?"

"LADY, THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A GOOD SEAT AT AN AMATEUR SHOW."

· L I F E ·
Mrs. Pep's Diary

January 6th Lay late, pondering life as it is, or should be, lived, and concluding that a combination of old-fashioned ideals and modern ideas is the best policy. Lily Dunham in to see me, and she did tell me how, after waiting all these years, she hath at last fallen in love and is to be married straightway, and how her friends do be more a-twitter than she over the proceeding forasmuch as it strikes her as both natural and inevitable. Whereupon I did felicitate her roundly, adding that two fears of a woman who lives alone would now be banished from her psychology, those of fire and burglary in the night watches. But where one is torn away, another will succeed, as Virgil said, quoth Lily.

Every moment that Larry is away from me I worry for fear he may be maimed or dead, and that's considerably worse than thinking I smell smoke. But Lord! her fiancé is no better than she in that connection, it would appear, for now when he is in the streets his mind dwells upon respectable citizens who have been shot through mistaken identity, and at night he does dash up the stoop and into his vestibule to avoid imaginary bullets of misplaced revenge. So forth to shop against the coming event with Lily, who, albeit I reminded her of the injunction of the old man in "A Room with a View" to mistrust all enterprises which require new raiment, reminded me that, nuptials or no nuptials, one must have decent gloves and

footgear if for nought more than to lunch in a restaurant. Walking home through the town, I did encounter Lucy Lytle, and we spoke of the high spots of the social season, the current attractions in the theatres, etc., and Lucy told how, on a trip to Chicago with her husband, she had overheard a man demanding tickets for "Abie's Irish Rose" at the hotel bureau, and, being seized with a strong missionary spirit, she had admonished him against it, whereupon he did turn upon her brusquely, and inform her that he had seen it thrice, and that it was the best piece that ever he had seen in his life.

January 7th Greatly distressed this morning to find that my new and costly bottle of

scent had overturned in the night, making the third which hath gone the same way for me this year, and I do set down again that I think my sex should agitate for a law which would require parfumeurs to be practical as well as aesthetic in their containers, for Lord! I had liefer have one ounce in a chemist's plain bottle than a fragrant memory of two in a colored phial which looked as if it should be in a cabinet. To luncheon at an inn with Marge Boothby, and she told me that poor Jim Mitchell is still rioting, and how, after disappearing from the club for two days, he had been found on the steps of a church at early dawn complaining bitterly of what he considered its architectural flaws and trying to enter in order to recommend some changes. We did make a fine meal of cream of mushroom soup, which God knows should not be eaten at midday, thin strips of sole with crushed almonds sprinkled over them, a green salad, and some Pont l'Evêque cheese, which is the most satisfactory variety that ever I ate in my life. Then to a milliner's to search for a hat, and astonished at the high prices which the establishment demanded. When I was younger and more inexperienced, quoth Marge, I thought nought about what I laid out for my wearing apparel, but I have now reached the point where a forty-dollar hat and a candidate for one's hand should be regarded with the same philosophy—never take either unless you cannot possibly live on without doing so.

Baird Leonard.





INCOMPATIBLE

"BUT WHY COULDN'T YOU AND FRED GET ALONG TOGETHER?"
"WE HAD NOTHING IN COMMON TO QUARREL ABOUT."

Intelligent Conversation at the Theatre

NO, Vivian, this door. That is a cigar store.

The taxi starter, Vivian.

Not solid gold, Vivian. Just braid.

Yes, Vivian, the second aisle.

The SECOND aisle, Vivian.

VIVIAN! COME BACK!

The SECOND aisle.

Turn the seat down, Vivian.
That's right, Vivian.

Yes, Vivian, the first act is all over.

Quite right, Vivian, maybe you *did* take too long getting dressed.

The leading man, Vivian?

No, Vivian, not a bit like Harold Lloyd.

Not even if he wore glasses, Vivian.

Well, all right, Vivian, perhaps he *does* look like Harold Lloyd, at that.

I'm sure I don't know, Vivian.

Because that's the way the author wrote it, Vivian.

Yes, Vivian, the curtain.

No, Vivian. There never was a show named "Asbestos."

Yes, Vivian, it *was* a delightful comedy. "Hamlet," Vivian.

* * *

The East River, driver.
Right off the end of the dock, driver.

W. K. Ziegfeld, Jr.

Thrift

SHE saved \$2.86 by getting her groceries at a Saturday Morning Special place.

She saved sixty-two cents by getting her rubbers in a department store.

She saved seven cents by eating her lunch in a help-yourself.

She saved five cents by using her brother's office telephone.

Then she left a three-hundred-dollar diamond in her purse, and the purse on a counter, and which counter or what store she isn't quite sure about, but it was most annoying.

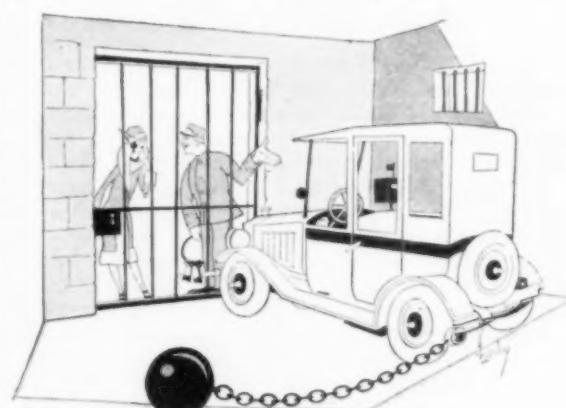
J. A. S.

Geography by Ear

MOTHER (as radio emits "Meditation" from *Thais*): Sonny, do you know what that is?

SONNY: Sure. Pittsburgh.

THE new *World* Almanac (free ad) contains about every possible sort of information except where to buy good grain alcohol.



"YES, MA'AM! JAILING THE DRIVERS DIDN'T SEEM TO STOP ACCIDENTS, SO WE'RE PUTTING THE CAR IN JAIL NOW. A DRIVER CAN'T RUN OVER ANY ONE IF HE AIN'T GOT A CAR—NOW, CAN HE?"



JANUARY 28, 1926

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

R. E. SHERWOOD, Editor
F. D. CASEY, Art EditorCLAIR MAXWELL, Vice-President
LANGHORNE GIBSON, Secretary and Treasurer

THERE are plenty of old cities that have gone to destruction because life has passed away from them and business with it; there are old walled towns in Europe that stand very much as they were left by the passing of the profit in city walls; but after all, is anything quite so destructive in cities as a vast incursion of population, business and wealth? Here in New York, a block or two from the present home of this paper, the most splendid and beautiful dwellings the city contains have been sold, and will be destroyed, solely because New York has grown so rich, and land values have so much increased on Fifth Avenue, and taxes proportionately, that not even very rich people are willing any longer to maintain residences between 42nd Street and 59th.

Let us take notice, then, if any of us should acquire more than enough money to carry us over the first of the month, and should want to do something to establish and perpetuate the name and fame of our families, the way to do it is not to build a large and durable edifice in some growing city. If there remains any one, after these experiences in New York and other places, and like experiences in England and other countries, and with wages as high as they are, who wants to build a big house, he will doubtless be advised to build it in the country where it will not pay any one to tear it down. Even in Europe there are grand houses in Touraine and other rural districts, but in London the Duke of Devonshire's respected mansion in

Piccadilly has had to yield to the American infection of tall buildings.

The most durable building, as we all know, is a pyramid. It will last pretty well, and the newspapers report, by the way, that a Harvard expedition is on the way to explore a tomb in the Pyramid of Cheops which is expected really to give up some news. But the most durable thing is thought; much harder to destroy than buildings, and easier to transmit. While the dwellings of the affluent are coming down on Fifth Avenue, we see old and frail residences preserved by subscription (as the Roosevelt House) because thoughtful persons lived in them, and observe Henry Ford buying, for his pleasure and to preserve it, the Wayside Inn at Sudbury whereof Longfellow sang.



THE dry enforcement operators are now begging for a stone crusher that will smash champagne bottles and other vessels of wrath by the case. It seems the operators cannot break them fast enough by hand, all of which speaks well for the activity of the great defense of Prohibition. But if the enforcement brethren get the stone crusher, what they should do is to feed into it not merely bottles and cases, but drinkers. That might make some impression. That is how Torquemada would have done it.

Mr. Wheeler, General Counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, brags, as before quoted, of 39,000 convictions in the Federal Courts in the last fiscal year for violation of the Volstead law, which is,

of course, a handsome figure, but what about the fifteen million guilty adults, more or less, who have not been convicted yet? Are there courts enough to try them? Are there jails enough to hold them? Can the rest of the population furnish juries to consider their crimes without too serious a check to general business? There seems a good deal still ahead of Mr. Wheeler in his labors for enforcement. Langley, of Kentucky, lately a Congressman, and a dry Congressman for twenty years, has resigned his seat in the House and departed under sentence to serve two years in the Federal prison in Atlanta for conspiracy to violate the Prohibition Act. Mr. Langley says he is really innocent, but one must applaud the effort to eliminate from Congress the Congressmen who vote dry and behave wet.

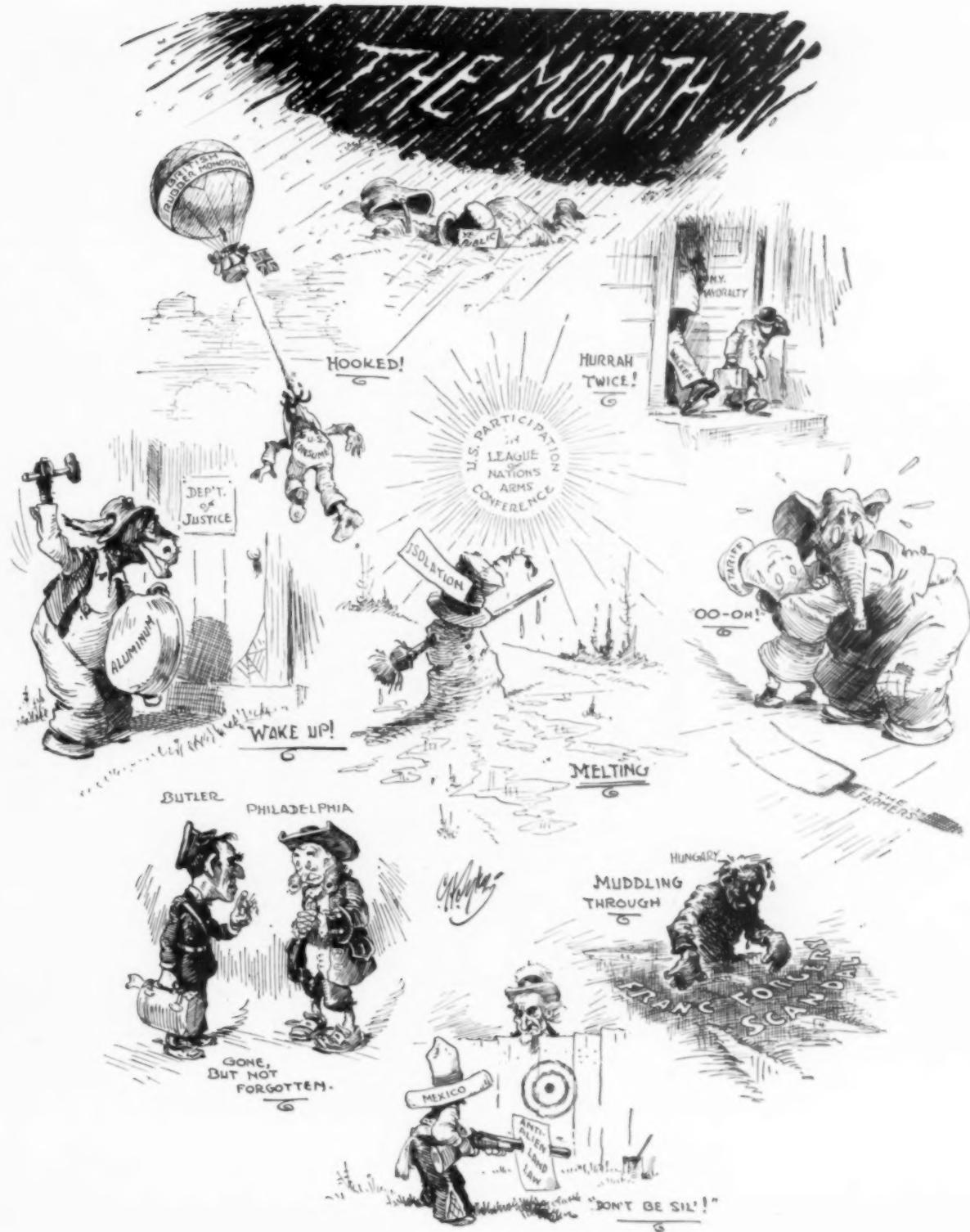


CARDINAL O'CONNELL thinks that Frank Munsey could have put his alleged millions to better use than to leave so large a share of them to the Metropolitan Museum. Possibly he could, but he could also have done much worse with them. Mr. Munsey was a very unevenly developed man. He knew a good deal about making money but not very much about the conduct of life or how to get satisfaction out of living. At any rate, he beat the late Senator Clark in leaving the Metropolitan Museum something that it is sure to take, and if his fortune is anywhere as great as the estimates, it will put the Museum beyond the reach of any pinching want for some time to come.

In the *New Republic* a critic of Mr. Munsey's will complains that neither he nor Mr. Lawson (of Chicago) left anything important to the men who had helped them build up their newspapers.

That is a more reasonable criticism of Lawson, who spent his life in making the *News*, than of Munsey, who merely traded in newspapers as he did in various other forms of merchandise. When a man dies and leaves a widow, sentiment about her may transpire in the provisions of his will, but if he leaves a seraglio it is apt to be swamped by business considerations.

E. S. Martin.



LIFE



Aunt Jane from the
"I've found just the book to read aloud from. It's

LIFE .



from the Country

from. It's something called 'The Decameron'."



Les Revues

IT is not generally known that this department was a beneficiary in the will of the late Frank A. Munsey to the extent of \$3,000,000, said sum (we said it) to be devoted to "giving the public what it wants in the way of dramatic criticism, provided only that the dramatic editor does not smoke tobacco."

Now what the public really wants to know from a dramatic department is, "What is the best revue in town?" Hitherto, hampered by lack of funds, we have been unable to attend any of the revues and so have had to deal only with the serious drama at \$3.30 a seat. Out of Mr. Munsey's largess we have been enabled to see every revue in town and now have left \$114.50 to do as we like with. Why don't you all come up to the room some evening?



ONE of the best revues in town has probably closed by now. We refer to Mr. Jack Hulbert's "By the Way," imported from England. It didn't cost enough to produce to have much of an appeal to the general public. But it did have that quality which Charlot's had last year—a lot of very nice and very clever people with a sense of selection putting on an evening's entertainment at a net production-cost of \$100 a night. Look in the papers as you read this (you are reading this, aren't you? There's a dear!) and see if "By the Way" with Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge is still running at the Gaiety. It's good.



NO show with Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence and Jack Buchanan can be anything but good entertainment. As we have said before, you can't make a sow's ear out of a silk purse, and there are probably not three more delightful people in the world to watch at work.

But Mr. Charlot has seen fit to dress his show up this year, and while it is very pretty, it lacks the parlor entertainment quality of last year's. And, under the possibly justifiable impression that Americans must have their sentiment mixed with their laughs, there appeared on the opening night some of the dorest truck ever wheeled onto Broadway. Most of this is out now, we understand, and some of last year's show is back in again. *Bon!*

WE are getting pretty sick of saying about our native revues that they are gorgeous spectacles but that they lack comedy. Probably the producers are even more sick of its being said. Their reply might well be, "Show us some comedy and we'll use it." And yet we doubt very much that the management of the "Greenwich Village Follies" know good comedy when they see it, for they have placed "The Spy," one of the best revue sketches we have ever seen, comparatively early on the bill and have given the author no credit. As played by Tom Howard, this was the high spot of the revue season for us. The rest of the show, even with our beloved Florence Moore working her hardest, is as devoid of laughs as (Notice to printer: Insert good simile here).

It is gay to look at, yes. But as is usually the case with Mr. Short's elaborate concoctions, the stage crew on opening night was in a panic and during the more quiet periods of the show it sounded as if they were building on the entire back wall of the Chanin Theatre. They ought to be through with the riveting by now; so perhaps things are better.



CERTAINLY no one can accuse Mr. Earl Carroll of not trying to get humor into his new "Vanities." Could you pick out of a dream three better comedians in their respective lines than Joe Cook, Julius Tannen and Frank Tinney? They represent practically fifty per cent. of the laughs we have ever got in the theatre, and here they are, all in one show.

Mr. Tannen has much the same things to do that he had in the previous "Vanities," to preside in his own personal manner over Mr. Carroll's "night-club." Mr. Tinney, aside from a few minutes of ill-advised reference to his home-life (and the fact that he does this in black-face with white hands makes up for a lot), is the same old Tinney, the very thought of whom gets us to laughing. And Joe Cook—well, you know what we feel about Joe Cook. Suffice it to say that in his straightforward explanation of the story beginning, "Tweet, tweet, tweet, who has stolen my nest?" he has developed an entirely new brand of stage humor, precarious as the blowing of Tiffany glass, which he is not in the slightest danger of having stolen from him because no one else could possibly do it. If you are interested in new epochs, hear this story from Joe Cook.

Robert Benchley.



Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Craig's Wife. *Morosco*—A splendid play about a good housekeeper who could keep nothing else. Chrystal Herne worthy of the lead, which is high praise.

Down Stream. *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Dybbuk. *Neighborhood*—Jewish mysticism impressively presented. Something to see.

Easy Virtue. *Empire*—The story isn't exactly new, but Jane Cowl makes you forget that.

The Enemy. *Times Square*—Fay Bainter in a dirty crack at War.

The Green Hat. *Broadhurst*—Sex rampant in Burke's Peerage (paper-cover edition).

Hamlet. *Heckscher*—Basil Sydney as the Dane in a dinner coat. Shakespeare made human.

The House of Usher. *Fifth Ave. Playhouse*—To be reviewed next week.

The Jazz Singer. *Cort*—The struggle between syncopation and the synagogue as it tears George Jessel's young heart.

A Lady's Virtue. *Bijou*—Robert Warwick as the bone of contention between Mary and Florence Nash.

Magda. *Maxine Elliott's*—To be reviewed later.

The Master Builder. *Princess*—Ibsen and Eva Le Gallienne. An excellent combination.

The Master of the Inn. *Little*—Why not stay at home and read a good book? (Name of book on application.)

The Merchant of Venice. *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden and Ethel Barrymore showing that it can be done.

The Monkey Talks. *Sam H. Harris*—One of those circus plays, with a redeeming feature in the ape-imitator.

Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio. *Jolson's*—Russian singing and acting, both good.

Open House. *Criterion*—Don't be misled by the big sign in front of the theatre, even though it has Helen MacKellar's name in it.

Stronger than Love. *Belasco*—Nance O'Neil. You could have ham and eggs—if you had some eggs.

Twelve Miles Out. *Playhouse*—Rip-snorting doings on the high seas, with liquor and love behind it all.

The Vortex. *Henry Miller's*—Thoroughly bad people on a thoroughly interesting house party.

Young Woodley. *Belmont*—Glenn Hunter giving a remarkable performance in a beautiful handling of the young boy's sex problem.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—We see that earthquakes are predicted in these parts some time in the next seven years. Could it be that?

Alias the Deacon. *Hudson*—The tricky hand in the velvet glove.

Androcles and the Lion. *Klaw*—Good Shaw well done.

Antonia. *Daly's*—Marjorie Rambeau cutting up in Budapest.

The Butter-and-Egg Man. *Longacre*—Gregory Kelly showing the comical side of losing money on Broadway.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—Oh, all right, this is funny.

Easy Come, Easy Go. *Biltmore*—Hilarious farce, with Otto Kruger and Victor Moore.

Is Zat So? *Central*—They don't come any funnier than this.

Laff That Off. *Wallack's*—This seems to be good enough to move around all over town.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. *Fulton*—A good crook comedy, made excellent by Ina Claire, Roland Young and A. E. Matthews.

Money Business. *National*—To be reviewed later.

Naughty Cinderella. *Lyceum*—Irene Bordoni in—what does it matter?

One of the Family. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Grant Mitchell and the old mother-in-law problem, this time in Boston.

The Patsy. *Booth*—Miss Claiborne Foster as Cinderella.

Young Blood. *Rits*—Remember the Younger Generation? Well, here it is again, in the agreeable persons of Helen Hayes and Eric Dressler.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—Phil Baker and the Hoffmann Girls making a good evening.

By the Way. *Gaiety*—Reviewed in this issue.

Charlot's Revue. *Selwyn*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Cocoanuts. *Lyric*—The (ah-ha-ha) Marx (ha-ha-ha-ha) Brothers (ah-ee-hee-hee).

Dearest Enemy. *Knickerbocker*—A very nice show, with Helen Ford and Charles Purcell.

Gay Paree. *Shubert*—Just Chic Sale, which is enough for any show.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Chanin's*—Reviewed in this issue.

Hello, Lola! *Eltinge*—To be reviewed later.

May Flowers. *Forrest*—Clean and amusing withal. Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer, with Robert Woolsey.

Merry, Merry. *Vanderbilt*—Not one of the cleanest shows in town, but one of the fastest.

A Night in Paris. *Casino de Paris*—To be reviewed next week.

No, No, Nanette. *Globe*—Old but good.

Princess Flavia. *Century*—Big and musical.

Song of the Flame. *Forty-Fourth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Student Prince. *Ambassador*—We have almost forgotten this, it opened so long ago.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—Marilyn Miller and an eveningful.

Sweetheart Time. *Imperial*—To be reviewed later.

Tip-Toes. *Liberty*—The new hit.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—Real comic opera; not too comic, but good opera.

Vanities of 1936. *Earl Carroll*—Reviewed in this issue.



THERE REALLY ARE CASES WHERE PROHIBITION INTERFERES WITH BUSINESS.



THE GAY NINETIES

THE BAMBOO PORTIÈRES, A SOCIAL HAZARD OF THE FESTIVE NINETIES WHICH, SOONER OR LATER, MANAGED TO TRAP EVEN THE WARDEST.

Lines Written in a Furnace Room

FURNACE fires do not respond to absent treatment.
A clinker in the hand is less irritating than one in the grate.

A clean coal cellar is not so nice as one dirty with a lot of twenty-one-dollar coal.

Kindling is more to be desired than riches.

A lot of paper burns a long time, but what of it?

Coal carefully placed on top of the kindling will seek its level, the bottom of the ash bin, before a match can be struck.

A coal scoop is three inches narrower than the furnace door at the beginning of the "fire-maker's" swing, and three inches wider at its sudden termination.

Coal heaped on a shovel which strikes the furnace door will fly farther than the man could throw it by hand.

A man is not a quitter if he gives up trying to revive the fire after thirty-five minutes of labor and nervous strain.

Men can be hired to look after furnaces. Thank God!

J. C. E.

Errant

I AM no longer young. I have traveled far and wide. All my life has been spent searching for my ideal girl. Imagine my joy, therefore, when yesterday I thought I had found her. She was perfect, passing every mark of excellence I had set for her. To-day I found that she kept letters. To-morrow I start again on my travels. D. H. B.

DEFINITION—A reformer is a man who suffers worse hangovers than most people.

His Unpremeditated Verse

"It is now known that John Milton, the poet, dealt profitably in real estate."—News item.)

SCENE: John Milton, realtor, his office. Enter Miss Smith, his secretary.

MISS SMITH: Good morning, Mr. Milton.

MILTON: But who is this, what thing of sea or land,—
Female of sex it seems,—
That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship . . . ?

MISS SMITH: Oh, Mr. Milton, you are a one! (Enter a lady and a gentleman.)

THE GENTLEMAN: Mr. Milton? We've come to inquire about your new suburban development—"Paradise Regained."

MILTON: Ah, yes—"Paradise Regained" . . . the olive grove of Academe,

Plato's retirement, where
the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled
notes the summer long . . .

THE LADY: Well, not olives, exactly, Mr. Milton. Just a little house and garden. I could have my garden, Mr. Milton?

MILTON: Madam—

The white pink and the
pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the
well attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that
hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad
embroidery wears . . .

I say, put that down, please, Miss Smith. (His secretary makes a note.)

THE LADY: Oh, it does sound attractive!

MILTON: Madam, I do assure you—"Paradise Regained—London's Loveliest!" Meadows trim with daisies pied, shallow brooks and rivers wide . . . calm Peace and Quiet . . . retired Leisure . . . youth and maid, dancing in the chequer'd shade . . . nods and becks . . . w r e a t h è d smiles from all the neighbors . . . Miss Smith . . .

MISS SMITH: Yes, sir, I have it all down.

THE GENTLEMAN: Sounds good to me, Mary.

THE LADY: And so poetical, George.

THE GENTLEMAN: I don't think we could do any better.

MILTON: Oh, welcome, pure-

ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope, thou hovering angel . . . I shall detain you no longer, sir and madam . . . but straight conduct ye to a hillside . . . so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. That two-handed engine at the door will drive us right out to the property. (The lady and the gentleman exit eagerly.)

MISS SMITH: You certainly do get the customers, sir.

MILTON (musing): If this fail,

The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And the earth's base built on stubble
. . . er—what was that fairish bit I got off the other day?

MISS SMITH (ruffling the leaves of her notebook): "I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude"—is that it?

MILTON: Yes. Frank—but
forceful. Good morning, Miss Smith. "I go to pluck the berries—" (Slowly closing his left eye, John Milton, poet-realtor, leaves the office.)

Henry William Hanemann.

What Could Be Funnier?

FOR years I refused to credit the report that it takes hours for a joke to soak into an Englishman. I believe it now.

Yesterday I was forced to entertain an Englishman. I tried everything, even my pet story about the little boy who got on a street car with a drum, a nickel and his mother. If I had hit his head with a baseball bat the result would have been the same. I gave up and produced my treasured bottle.

"What's this?" he asked as he accepted a glass.

"Scotch," I replied; "it just came in from Rum Row."

He tasted the liquor and coughed. Then he kicked and howled, and large tears splashed upon his vest. After fifteen minutes it dawned on me—Mr. Waddington was laughing!

But I still believe that he muffed the real point; probably he thinks the little boy forgot to give the nickel to the conductor.

Gerald Cosgrove.

HOW'S your Florida real estate?"

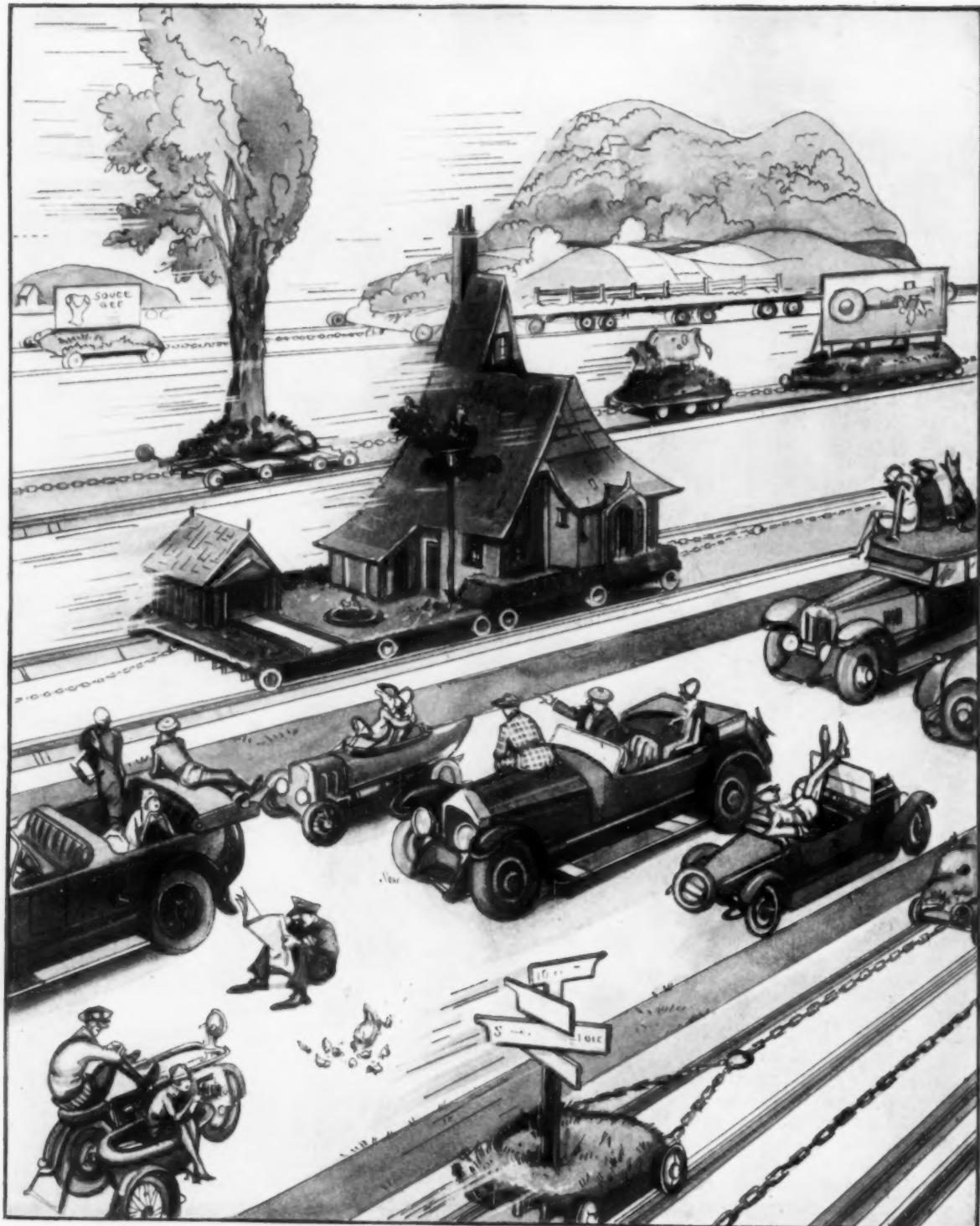
"All wet."



"CAN YOU TELL ME THE TIME, OL' BOY?"

"WHAT? WHY IN BLAZES SHOULD I TELL YOU THE TIME AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT?"

"WELL, YOU'VE GOT MY WATCH."



Sunday Traffic Simplified



Caller: WHAT ON EARTH ——!

Radio Fan: IT'S ALL RIGHT; COME ON IN. THE RADIO'S BUSTED, SO HELEN'S READING ME SELECTIONS FROM HER COOK BOOK. I'VE GOT TO HAVE MY EVENING PROGRAM SOMEHOW.

Next of Kin

VALET: What shall I do with this old clothing, sir?

PHILANTHROPIST: Give it to the Near East Relief.

VALET: And these old books and magazines?

PHILANTHROPIST: The Salvation Army.

VALET: And shall I throw away these old pen points?

PHILANTHROPIST: No. Give 'em to the Post Office Department.

Simple Arithmetic

TWO hundred and seventy-five million, eleven hundred and forty-three thousand, two hundred six, twenty-eight billion, two hundred sixty-nine million, fifty-five, plus thirty-seven million, six hundred and ninety-nine thousand four hundred forty-four and eleven million, four hundred thousand and fifty-three billion, twenty-eight million, eleven hundred thirteen and thirty-five million two hundred twenty-four divided by ninety-two thousand, three hundred fifty-seven minus eleven million, twenty-three thousand times

fifty-six billion, three hundred thirty-three million, seventy-seven thousand, sixty-three plus forty-seven billion, two hundred and eighty-five billion, four hundred sixty-seven thousand, eleven hundred twenty-one and seventeen thousand forty-nine.

No, Gentle Reader, that isn't what you thought it was. Merely a word picture of Henry Ford computing his 1925 income tax.

J. F. H.

GOOSH, I've got a cinder in my eye!"
"Goody, maybe it's anthracite."



MADAME BUNCO, THE FAMOUS MEDIUM, TAKES HER PET TABLE OUT FOR AN AIRING



"Womanhandled"

THIS seems to be the open season on satire in the film industry. One after another, the movie moguls are falling prey to the hallucination that there is something ridiculous about the art which they have sponsored. In "Bluebeard's Seven Wives," Mr. Robert Kane treated himself, and his audiences, to a series of hearty laughs at the expense of magnates, directors, yes-men, press agents and other studio fixtures; and now, in "Womanhandled," Mr. Jesse Lasky goes so far as to intimate that the pictures of Western life which he produces so profusely are not strictly true.

Perhaps I shall not have to release the Great American Movie, after all; which would be a source of distress to my host—count 'em—host of readers, but a real relief to me. I have been worrying about the Great American Movie, because I have been unable to discover a leading man who can be counted on to refrain from elevating his left eyebrow.

This bright little essay, however, started out to be a review of "Womanhandled," and I must wrench myself back to that subject. Well, then—"Womanhandled" tells of a young society fellow from Long Island (where the palmettos and eucalyptus trees grow) who is impelled, by his girl, to go West and absorb a little virility in that excessively masculine sector.

On arriving at his uncle's cattle ranch, he finds that the cowboys hail from Newark, and that they pursue the

Ben-Hur. Christianity is given a tremendous send-off in twelve crowded reels.

The Sea Beast. John Barrymore in a crude but occasionally beautiful interpretation of "Moby Dick."

A Kiss for Cinderella. Another Barrie fantasy, with Betty Bronson again justifying her existence as a star.

Bluebeard's Seven Wives. Some expert kidding of the movies.

His Secretary. Norma Shearer and Lew Cody as a stenographer and her boss.

Time, the Comedian. A fairly successful attempt by Robert Z. Leon-

Recent Developments

ard to show the devastating consequences of a youthful misstep.

A Woman of the World. Pola Negri in a thoroughly delightful comedy of small-town provincialism, directed by Mal St. Clair.

The Road to Yesterday. Cecil B. De Mille conducts a group of frivolous moderns back through the ages—as Cecil B. De Mille would.

Lady Windermere's Fan. Lubitsch at his best—and if there is anything in the movies any better, etc.

The Vanishing American. Richard Dix gives a fine performance in an almost great picture.

THE SILENT DRAMA

steers in Ford cars. All the real cowboys, his uncle explains, have gone into the movies.

That is a nice, fresh idea—and Richard Dix, as the hero, catches the spirit and develops it most satisfactorily. The director, Gregory La Cava, shows only flashes of inspiration, with the result that "Womanhandled" is funny in spots and dreary in others. The better spots are those in which the satirical strokes are broadest.

Mr. La Cava shows promise as a director, but he has much to learn about composition and continuity.

"Infatuation"

THAT almost any one can write a dull play was demonstrated by Somerset Maugham when he delivered "Cæsar's Wife" to the world. It was talky and eventless, and was therefore an obvious selection for the movies.

As a picture, "Cæsar's Wife" is even duller. Loaded down with sub-titles and phony Egyptian backgrounds, and with colorless performances by Corinne Griffith and Percy Marmont, it fails at any moment to provide a smattering of dramatic interest.

The points of the triangle which provides a basis for the plot have been worn and blunted by persistent usage. It should be retired to the Old Properties' Home, where it can swap reminiscences with the clown whose heart is breaking beneath the tinsel.

R. E. Sherwood.

Stage Struck. In which Gloria Swanson harks back to the days when she worked for Mack Sennett.

The Big Parade. Over there—over there—over there.

Stella Dallas. The most moving and most intelligent of all the mother-love dramas.

The New Commandment. The quintessence of ham.

The Merry Widow. As delightful an eyeful as you could hope to see.

Don Q. Douglas Fairbanks has another picture coming along soon, so I won't have to praise this one much longer.





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Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*



Strong Language

A parson writes me that his little daughter recently came home from school in great concern. "Isn't Devil a horrible word to be in the Bible, Daddy?" she said. "It was in my portion this afternoon, but I coughed when I came to it and wouldn't read it." This reminds me of the curate who rendered a well-known passage: "He that believeth not shall be damned, as it were."

—S., in *London Daily News*.

Habit

MRS. BABB: Going to the musicale?

MRS. JABB: No! I've attended so many now that I find myself shouting every time I start to talk.

—*Musical America*.

FLIP: Why didn't you kiss her?

FLASH: Why should I? She doesn't bore me.—*Buffalo Express*.



THE HONEYMOONERS

"DEAREST! SUPPOSING IT CAN'T EAT BOTH OF US!"

—*Karikaturen (Oslo)*.

Ambition

It happened on the small-time floor of the Keith booking offices. A team which came from the Mid-West six months ago to "show them a real act" had been cancelled after the first performance in seven different theatres, but could not be licked.

"We've got some new gags," timidly chirped the woman of the combination. "Give us another chance."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated a booker. "Are you still stage-struck?"

—*New York Graphic*.

Presenting Percy

PERCIVAL: That was the most unkindest cut of all, as the poet says.

PENELOPE: What was that?

"I showed her one of my boyhood pictures with my father holding me on his knee, and she said, 'My, who is the ventriloquist?'" —*Youngstown Telegram*.

GEORGE: Did you sound the family about our marriage?

GEORGETTE: Yes, and Dad sounded the worst.—*Smith's Weekly (Sydney)*.

WHEN in Rome do as Mussolini says.

—*Detroit News*.

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Clothes and Accessories for
Winter Sport

BOSTON PALM BEACH NEWPORT
LITTLE BUILDING PLAZA BUILDING AURAIN BUILDING
TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON COUNTY ROAD 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE

Should she be frank?

IN a similar case, once before, she was frank and it cost her the friendship of a girl who had been her chum for years.

Now this same question of what to do ran through her mind. This time the offender was a man—a man who professed being much in love with her.

What was she to do? Should she be frank with him?

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1½ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For
HALITOSIS



By
LISTERINE

By the Way—

In using Listerine to combat halitosis you automatically combat sore throat and often avoid more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.





They are good for Digestion as well as for Indigestion

WHEN indigestion bothers you, the cause, nine cases out of ten, is an over-acid condition of your stomach.

And when you take bicarbonate of soda or preparations containing it, you overcome the acidity—but, unless you take exactly the right amount, your stomach is left with an alkaline residue. This retards normal digestion. For your stomach should be slightly acid during the process of digesting your food.

Gastrogen Tablets act differently

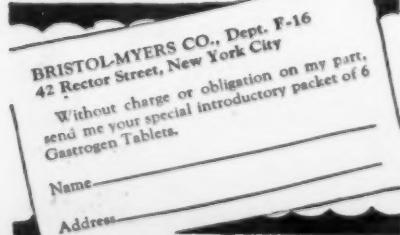
The minute you take Gastrogen Tablets, they go to work to neutralize excessive acidity. There they stop. Your process of digestion is not disturbed. Even if you eat a pound of them, they will not alkalize your stomach. When they have relieved your distress, they pass thru the system unchanged.

Your stomach is "in neutral." Nature restores the slight balance of acidity. Your indigestion—your heartburn—your flatulence is relieved.

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, safe, effective and convenient. They are pleasant-tasting. Everybody likes their agreeable flavor and aroma. And as an agent for sweetening the breath, they can hardly be excelled.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c, also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you wish to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

© Bristol-Myers Co., 1925



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

Gingered Sonatas

(Moiseiwitsch states that he can play better without vest, collar and tie.)

When, bored by a classical opus,

We sneak to an exit (emergency)

With cowards only to stop us

From sprinting with manifest urgency,

How quickly resumed were our places

If players would imitate Moiseiwitsch,

By dressing for footer or races

To put a new "pep" in their noise-witsch!

How tame is the attitude starchy

Of those instrumental professionals

Who labor *allegro vivace*

As if in cathedral processions!

Tho' music, from Bong to Bahamas,

Hath charms that can turn away wrath-witsch,

'Tis livelier played in pyjamas

While soloists sing in their batho-witsch!

—A. W., in *London Daily Chronicle*.

The Ali Baba Handicap

At a country theatre they were playing "The Forty Thieves," and as the company only numbered eight, the entry of the robbers into the cave was augmented by their passing out at the back of the stage and entering again at the front.

Unfortunately one of the robbers walked with a limp, and when he had entered five times a voice from the gallery cried: "Stick it, Hoppy; last lap!"

—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

Glass Ginger Ale with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters delightful tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamp. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Wrong Ball

"I want some golf-balls for a gentleman, please."

"Certainly, madam. What sort does he like?"

"Well, the only time I saw him play he used a small white ball. But I cannot say I gathered the impression that he exactly liked it."—*Punch*.

A Police Strike in Ulster

Statement issued by the Ulster police mutineers:

"We wish to give all evilly-disposed persons warning that we will support law and order if it becomes necessary."

And there are people in this country who still think they understand Ireland.

—*London Daily News*.

Fairy Story

Once upon a time a car owner decided to repaint the old bus himself, and a couple of days later the neighborhood thought he had bought a new machine.

—*Detroit News*.

ENGLISH VISITOR: But have you no leisure class over here?

HARD-BOILED YANK: Oh, yes, we have the coal miners.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

From across the Sea

Apollinaris

is brought to you from the spring bottled only with its own natural gas.

"The Queen of Table Waters"

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co., Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

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NOW IN SERVICE

Big, comfortable steamers your hotel for this wonderful cruise. Option of staying at beautiful Condado-Vanderbilt Hotel while in San Juan. Wide range of accommodations. Picturesque motor sight-seeing trips included in rate. Sailing every Thursday.

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Our Garter (pat'd)
Makes Trousers Hang Straight

If Legs Bend In or Out
Self Adjustable
It Holds Sox & Pantyhose Down
Not a "Gum" or "Bumness"

No Metal Springs
Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope
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Safe Milk and Food
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.



Beautiful Lips

Proclaim the use of

ROGER & GALLE

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Absolutely pure, pleasing and effective in use, they protect the lips against the chapping winds of winter. Automobiles and lovers of out-door sports, men as well as women, find them indispensable.

Write for "Fashions in France," our colorful little book, of Parisian toilette specialties. Complimentary on request. Address:

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New York

Canadian Agency :
Emile Mériot
103 rue St. François-Xavier, Montreal

Among the New Books

Enchanters of Men. By Ethel Colburn Mayne (*Putnam*). A gallery of portraits of ladies for whom all comers fell—Diane de Poitiers, Du Barry, Ninon de Lenclos, Gabrielle d'Estrées, and several others less celebrated but equally interesting. Not a text-book along the Pelman method lines, but of decided educational value to would-be sirens. To be reviewed next week.

No More Parades. By Ford Madox Ford (*Albert and Charles Boni*). A book of which the first hundred pages have proved such hard sledding that curiosity as to how other reviewers could have praised it so highly drives me on. If no more parades, why more novels against the late war's background? To be reviewed next week.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. By Anita Loos (*Boni & Liveright*). The short and simple annals of a girl who did not waste her time, and incidentally shrewd and devastating satire worthy of a town crier's best efforts.

The Private Life of Helen of Troy. By John Erskine (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Wherein some of our most famous ancient Greeks call one another by their nicknames, and give a fine idea of what it was like after the tumult and the shouting had died, and the captains and kings had departed.

Verdi. By Franz Werfel (*Simon & Schuster*). A novel based on one year of the great composer's life, which should suit all those who like to read behind the musical scenes.

The Man Mencken. By Isaac Goldberg (*Simon & Schuster*). A friendly and accurate—no, not "but accurate"—close-up of one of the most significant men in America.

Lodgers in London. By Adelaide Eden Phillpotts (*Little, Brown*). The daughter of a famous father carrying on with a novel staged in a Bloomsbury lodging house. B. L.

The Louvain Library Fund

We started our appeal for the Louvain Library in the spring of 1924, with no special sum in mind, but hoping to collect a few hundred dollars, as LIFE's readers have always been kind. A small but steady stream of contributions followed.

In our January 7th issue we mentioned the announcement of the National Committee that recent large subscriptions had ensured the completion of the new Louvain Library, and the fulfillment of America's pledge.

At that time we had collected \$966.10 for the Fund. Then came the generous check from the Boston Students, and friends in LIFE Office made up the balance, so LIFE has had the satisfaction of reaching what he would have considered a hardly possible goal, and turning in \$1,000 for this most noble cause.

Previously acknowledged, \$966.10
Students of the School of
the Boston Museum of
Fine Arts 30.00
Friends of the Fund 3.90
\$1,000.00

Hawaii



Where Life Moves in Restful Tempo

Here's the traffic cop at the Crossroads of the Pacific.

Everyone takes life comfortably in Hawaii.

To know the *dolce far niente* lure of the South Seas, spend a few weeks here this spring—golfing, motoring, surfing, deep-sea fishing, riding the combers at Waikiki in a native outrigger canoe—or just resting under a monkey-pod tree and relishing life's new flavor.

A three or four weeks' trip costs as little as three or four hundred dollars, including first-class round-trip passage from the Pacific Coast, hotels and sightseeing. For illustrated brochure describing colorful Hawaii—



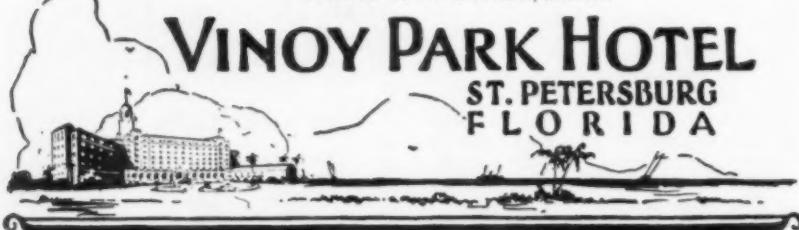
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OR 355 FORT STREET, HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.



COME to the new Vinoy Park Hotel, where your every desire for rest, recreation, comfort or service has been anticipated. This distinctive hostelry, overlooking beautiful Tampa Bay, accommodates five hundred guests with entire comfort and convenience. Splendid appointments . . . excellent cuisine . . . every outdoor sport and recreation . . . a variety of entertainment. . . . Paul Whiteman's Vinoy Park Hotel Orchestra. . . . "Service with a Smile."

*Management: FRANK H. ABBOTT & SON
Direction of KARL P. ABBOTT*

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Professional Universities

A Modest Proposal for the Extension of Strict Professionalism

Now that we have professional football, baseball, hockey, cricket, tennis, basketball, golf, chess, checkers, pinochle and tiddley-winks, why not the Professional University?

Here lies a new and untouched field for Professionalism, which should yield immense returns in sport and revenue.

The idea is, briefly, that huge Professional Colleges and Universities should be organized, with super-professional faculties of ultra-experts in every known branch of learning, all instructing tremendous student bodies of strictly professional students, and all receiving fabulous salaries.

Any taint of amateurism in the students would automatically debar and expel them. Study would be their business in life. To insure the absolute, guaranteed professionalism of such students, they would all receive pay, together with bonuses, motion-picture and vaudeville contracts, and so on, for exceptional performances in all branches of erudition.

These Professional Universities would be maintained—as professional sports now are—by the gate receipts of stupendous intercollegiate contests along scholastic lines. One Professional University would compete with another in professional debates, in

Dear LIFE:

My attention has been called to the fact that you are planning to dedicate your issue of February 11 to the cause of the

WORKING GIRLS

of America. That's fine! Kindly enter my subscription. As an employer, I am FOR the Working Girl first, last and all the time. In the absence of my typist—who has gone to lunch for the day—

I am giving your interesting coupon on the left my personal attention.

Gratefully yours,

(Signed)
BIG-HEARTED JIM.

LIFE
598 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me LIFE for ten weeks, for which I enclose One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40).

(401)

By the Year, \$5.00
(Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)





A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four-ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON

number of students registered, of A.B.'s, A.M.'s, M.D.'s, Ph.D.'s, LL.D.'s and D.D.'s created, of Professional Specialists produced.

Size of equipment, and its cost,



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With highest wage scale, with industries diversified and stable, Detroit offers an unsurpassed opportunity to invest in First Mortgage Bonds.

Increasing population demands adequate housing. United Bonds are issued on carefully selected and appraised Detroit homes, apartments and office buildings.

We are the oldest strictly first mortgage bond house in Detroit. Experience and resources of over twelve million safeguard United Bonds.

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would also serve as a basis for competition. That Professional University which had the largest number of square miles as a Yard or Campus; the highest Tower; the vastest dining-hall; the most gigantic art and scientific museums; the most monstrous laboratories; the most colossal medical and dental clinics—that University would hold the World's Championship.

East would compete with West, North with South. The imagination pictures Professional Universities with student bodies of 50,000, of 100,000, even—why not?—of 1,000,000, all passionately out-studying one another, in gargantuan hives of learning. There would be Major and Minor Leagues of Professional Debating Societies, of Degree-winning Teams in every line. Enormous organizations of coaches would cram the young idea at frantic speed. Perfectly organized cheering sections with highly paid leaders would stimulate the Professional Students to the fray. By mechanical means, unlimited noise could be provided, to help them win debates and studying tournaments. The organized noise-making at the Democratic National Convention in 1924 would pale to a mere whisper by contrast with Professional University methods that would inevitably develop. The nation would rock with enthusiasm; a new era in super-civilization would begin, and flower to rich fruition.

What to do with the finished product might, I admit, be something of a problem; but perhaps no more so than now obtains in regard to the has-beens of professional sport. Pensions and benefits would doubtless care for those who, broken by long years of professional study and degree-winning, at last had to abandon the game and perhaps become mere amateurs.

My truly grand and revolutionary idea has already received the enthusiastic endorsement of the American Eyeglass and Spectacle Manufacturers' Association. I am now awaiting other endorsements. Who will be next to help me with this, the most important forward step in that Professionalism so dear to the American heart, since football went "pro"?

G. A. E.

Getting Set with the Set

"THIS is Station PO Ensemble will render nine p. m. Standard Time Barber of Seville WCCO St. Paul and Minneapolis colder O Sole Mio and then whooeee Night Hawks Rabbit found a Station JWKK by Miss Eva Landerson closed at 187 and one-half ensemble Oooeee remote control and great care should be taken in keeping the hen house clean Booo Harmony Kings...um-ta-ta, um-tat-ta... Oh, boy!"

J. A. S.

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KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

A Health Builder

HOSTETTER'S Celebrated Stomach Bitters is a wholesome tonic. Keep the stomach in good condition and improves the appetite.

**HOSTETTER'S
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Some Old Saws

Buzz—	See—
War—	E—
Kene—	Arkan—
Hack—	Apple—



Lose 20 lbs. In this easy way

There is an easy, pleasant, scientific way for attaining proper weight. It has proved itself for 18 years. Countless people all around you show its good results.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets, now in world-wide use. No unusual exercise or diet is required. People now use over a million boxes yearly, and excess fat is not one-tenth so common as it was.

You should know Marmola. We state every ingredient and tell you how and why it acts. When you know it you will use it until you reach the slenderness you wish. Find out the facts in justice to yourself.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-cent sample free and our guarantee. Clip it now.

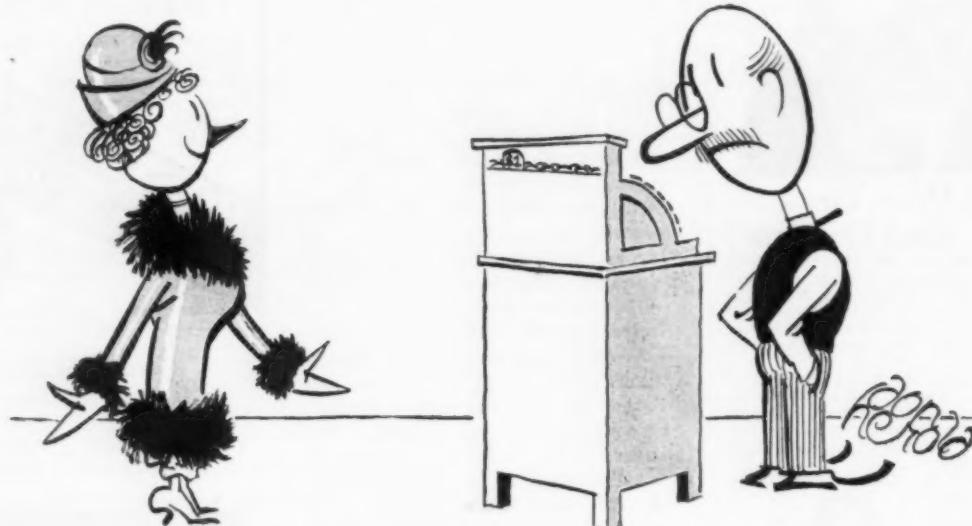
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"—ARE SOLD, NOT BOUGHT."

"I SUPPOSE you would have INVENTED a cash register if there hadn't been one on the market," said Mrs. Consumer to me sarcastically.

"Well—"

"It would have been SOME cash register! You can't drive a tack!" This family quarrel occurred a year ago. I had just bought a new cash register and then heard the company's slogan was "Cash registers are sold, not bought."

"They didn't sell me! I bought it!" I protested to Mrs. Consumer. "Listen, Papa," she continued. "The idea of a cash register never entered your head until you began

to read cash-register advertising and listen to cash-register salesmen and to all the merchants in town who had 'em and liked 'em. If you hadn't, you would still be keeping your money—or part of it—in a cigar box with a bicycle bell on it. If birds like you weren't victimized by the good things of life you'd never get 'em."

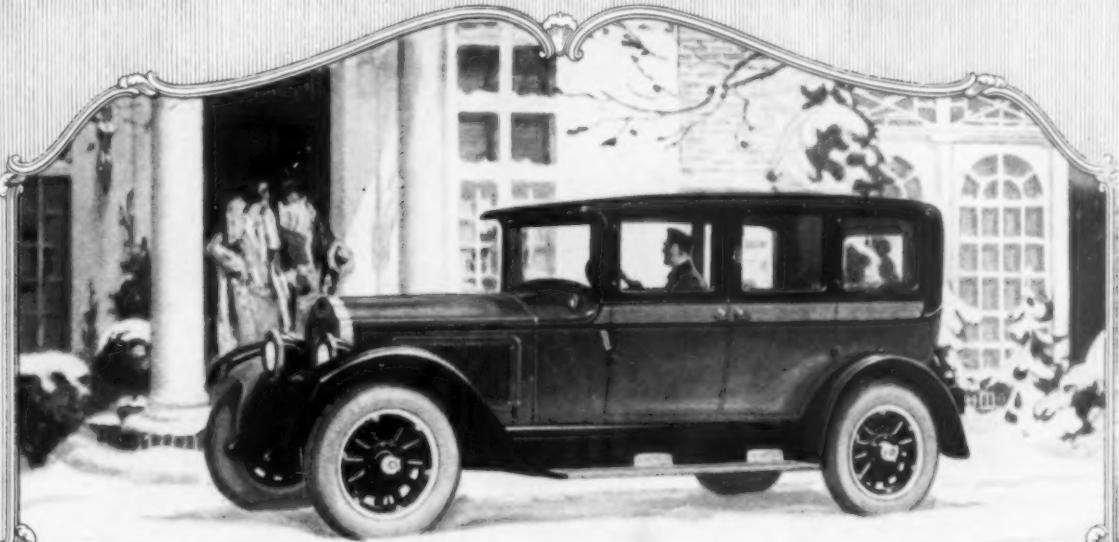
After a year, I know Mrs. C. was right. At any rate, I don't care how I got my cash register—I'm glad I got it.

I suppose I AM something of an oyster. If it takes advertising and selling to open my shell and give me what I need, all right, boys, advertise and sell me. I'll buy.

*Andy
Consumer*

THE NATIONAL ADVERTISER BETS HIS
ADVERTISING MONEY THAT HIS PRODUCT IS RIGHT

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The emblem of a distinguished motor car

A distinguished car— before distinguished doors

In the entire inventory of your own and your family's possessions, no single thing so subtly, yet so unerringly, proclaims your standing in the community—as the motor-car at the curb before your door . . . In this, the Willys-Knight owner has twofold occasion for pride and satisfaction in his ownership. Not only has he an automobile known to be absolutely unique in its engine-principle—absolutely unparalleled in its record for perennially fine performance—but, by virtue of its beauty and smartness, its exquisite interior appointment, he has in this superb car that which stamps the unmistakable seal of distinction upon himself, his home, and everyone within.

...from \$1750 to \$2495. Deferred payments. Prices f. o. b. Toledo

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*A new line of
men's fancy
half hose made
by IPSWICH*

BRAND new...
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Ipswich half hose are made with
six not-too-fancy patterns and in
four different colors that are absolutely wash-fast.

One great advantage of this new fibre, CELANESE, is that
soaking, scrubbing and sunlight will not fade its colors.
And the peculiar electric quality in CELANESE makes it
cling, skin-smooth to the ankle.

In the stores they call them "Number Thirty-One
Thirteen." That's an easy number to remember, but if you
have any difficulty in finding an Ipswich dealer we will
send you three pairs of these 75-cent socks for \$2.00.

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Enclosed are \$2. for 3 sample pairs of Ipswich fancy socks; size . . .
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What Color? Silver Black Wine Blue

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